

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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MARCH 6, 1921

Three Hilltop Adventures.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

Adventure III.

Wanted: Fifty Dollars

Illustrations by George T. Tobin.

"I NEED the farm wagon," began Henry, "and a big shovel and the box I've made. Oh, yes; and a pail to carry water in. I'll surely find that bush to-day, Cousin, and then my bicycle's as good as bought. I've searched every bit of country here except that 'round Smith's Pond."

"I don't need any farm wagon at all," said Margaret, whimsically, glancing down at her dainty gingham and silk sweater.

Henry's eyes followed hers and lingered a moment. "Look here," he remarked persuasively. "You know I can't walk to Smith's Pond. It's too far. So I've got to have a lift, and I must have a way to bring my bush home."

"How deep do the roots of a big blueberry bush go?" inquired Margaret, thoughtfully.

"Eighteen inches to two feet. And to get the full price, you have to dig up the thing with the earth clear around it two feet square and two feet deep. Don't you remember how big my box is?"

"That would make earth enough to be pretty heavy," remarked Margaret. "You couldn't lift that box if it were filled, could you?"

Henry grinned sheepishly. "That's so; I couldn't," he confessed. "Neither could I dig up the bush properly. Mr. Bassett says that's a job for a grown man who knows how. But I'll find that bush, just the same, and go after it another time with Mr. Bassett."

"In that case," laughed Margaret, "will you please harness Deacon into the light buggy?"

Deacon thrust an iron-gray nose out of his stall for the sugar Margaret gave him. Then the old horse stood patiently for Henry to hang the harness over his back, and of his own accord put himself between the shafts. Deacon was a knowing chap and a member of the farm family, though he lived in the barn. Henry and Margaret counted the old horse among their friends by this time.

"Isn't it funny about that kinky clothes-line Mrs. Bassett burned up yesterday?" asked Margaret. It's nearly as old as Deacon, and she had put up with it until yesterday before her patience gave out."

"We get our trip to-day because she did," replied Henry. "You can go to North Denby to get a new one and I get a lift as far as the cross-roads. That makes it possible for me to hunt at this end of Smith's Pond."

"And I can dine with Jessie

Raymond, have old Deacon shod, and do some errands before I come home."

"What time will you be back?" inquired Henry as they jogged down their steep hill.

"I'll be at the crossroads to pick you up about three this afternoon," said Margaret, confidently.

"I may get through before that and start along home," returned Henry as they parted a mile from North Denby at the crossroads. "Tell you what, Cousin, if I get disgusted and go home before you come along, I'll leave a paper napkin tucked into this hollow post here."

"All right," agreed Margaret. "Good-bye and good luck. You deserve to find that bush, because you've searched every other bit of country so faithfully since you read that article about Valley Farm paying fifty dollars for exceptional wild blueberry bushes to breed from."

Then as old Deacon jogged the mile to the "metropolis" of North Denby, Margaret was thinking over the events of this first happy summer in the hills, her increasing comradeship with Henry, and how each desired to earn fifty dollars in different ways. Margaret, who hated to write by hand, wanted a new typewriter, because the little second-hand one from Daddy's office was nearly worn out. The author-uncle she was visiting was paying her at market rates to copy notes for him, and "Tillie Typewriter" would surely be done for by the time a new one was earned.

A bicycle with every possible improvement was Henry's dream. He wanted fifty dollars for that. The instant he had read in Mr. Bassett's farm paper an illustrated article about the wonderful work done at Valley Farm cultivating blueberries, and the fact that they would pay fifty dollars and transportation for any bush that had three or four berries three-quarters of an inch in diameter, he decided to find such a bush.

This was blueberry time, and Henry had mapped off the country into sections and

searched gaily every spare day, joining hands of roving pickers who supplied the city markets. Margaret knew he felt sorry for her as she spent hours in Uncle George's study when he was out under the sunny sky. Hours in the house to him were wasted time; to Margaret, each busy hour brought her nearer to her goal when she could tap a new machine of her very own. She wondered at Henry's persistence and he at hers, though neither flagged for a moment.

Thus her thoughts were busy as old Deacon jogged up hill and down at his own pace, the leisurely one he adopted when going away from home. In spite of that, Margaret arrived finally at her destination, where Mr. Raymond put up the ancient steed and Margaret had a long, happy talk with her mate, Jessie.

Soon after dinner she started with Deacon for the store, did the errands, and went to the blacksmith's. She was afraid she would be late at the crossroads, and would have been but for the fact that the intelligent beast knew he was going home and made the mile at a speed that surprised her.

At the crossroads there was no sign of Henry, neither was the promised signal in the hollow post. Margaret stood up in the buggy, and both roads were in sight for some distance. No boy appeared on either.

Margaret pondered. Old Deacon was good for the distance to Smith's Pond two miles and a half away, even if home were four miles from the crossroads. She hesitated a moment, then turned Deacon into the road to Smith's Pond. Deacon was disgusted, and whirling promptly around headed for home. "Please, Deacon, be good," pleaded Margaret. "Something may have happened to Henry. He is so careless sometimes."

The intelligent old horse appeared to listen and reflect, then swung around again as abruptly as before and headed for the Pond. As they travelled slowly up the hills and rattled down, Margaret

kept eyes and ears open for a sight of Henry's merry face or the sound of his jolly whistle.

One mile, two miles, and no sign of the boy. Deacon gave his best pace now, and Margaret encouraged him with her voice, because nobody ever touched this horse with a whip. From the top of the last hill the marshy end of the pond was in sight. Against the horizon its waters gleamed blue, but nobody appeared in the road.

At the bottom of the hill a barway stood open. Here a long, narrow inlet extended clear to the road. The lake itself was reached by driving through the fields along one side of this inlet. Margaret looked anxiously down from the buggy as they descended



"Margaret measured them very carefully with a rule Henry held out to her."

the hill. She saw nothing but the valley and lake lying peacefully in the sunshine.

Again she looked, straining her eyes and protecting them with her hand. Did she see something above the shallow water of the marshy inlet—something that moved feebly from time to time like a fly caught on sticky fly-paper? Deacon snorted as they rattled down the hill, a sound strangely out of place in the peace of the scene. Then Margaret imagined that she heard faintly a cry for help.

Margaret can never tell just how they went down that hill, because Deacon may have heard something, too. The buggy swayed and rattled, and the old horse stumbled once or twice, but recovered himself and went ahead. At the foot of the hill he turned into the fields, picking his way down the rough lane, but never slackening his pace unless compelled to by the uneven ground.

With a final bump as he avoided a rock, Deacon stopped at last at the edge of the lake just where the inlet joined the pond itself. He snorted again, and this time there was certainly a response, weak but fervent. Margaret jumped from the buggy and pushed aside the bushes at the edge where a patch of sickly yellow showed in the grass and the trampled herbage showed that a boat had been launched.

Then her heart stood still for a moment. Indeed she had seen something from the summit of the hill, something that moved feebly. Out in the swampy inlet, sunk above his waist in mud and water, was the luckless explorer, Henry. He turned his head wearily toward Margaret and smiled faintly through the mud that had splashed his face.

"You poor boy!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Glad—you—got here. Heard Deacon—snort. Knew you'd come," he said slowly. "Got—the rope?"

"The new clothesline? Of course. And I believe it's strong enough to pull you out, too. That's the way a man was rescued in the paper the other day. The old rope held up my hammock, you know, until you sat down in it, too, before it broke." Margaret was talking fast and excitedly as she unwrapped and uncoiled the stout brown rope.

"Make—a noose. I—showed you," directed Henry. The Boy Scout had taught his cousin many things on stormy days that summer.

"It's lucky you showed me how to make a noose," said Margaret. "Here it is. I do hope I can throw it so it hits you."

"Tie one end—to a tree," said Henry, as if hope were proving a potent tonic.

Margaret fastened one end to a strong young tree at the edge of the pond, then began the attempt to make the other reach her cousin. The inlet was narrow, and Henry had become mired not far out. So the rope was long enough, could Margaret throw it correctly.

The girl was nervous, her throwing was extremely feminine and her arms ached, and the boy's patience was sadly tried before at last the noose dropped nearly over his neck. Then a new trouble arose. Henry was so exhausted by his frantic struggles of previous hours that at first he could not slip the noose under his arms.

As she talked and tried to encourage him from the bank, Margaret noticed with fresh terror that another button on her cousin's coat had sunk out of sight. Finally, Henry exerted himself to the ut-

most and adjusted the rope under his arms.

Then Margaret took firm hold and tried to pull him loose. She could not stir the lad; he was too tightly stuck. "Oh, what shall I do?" she exclaimed in despair.

"Got to—loosen—me up first," said Henry, when he had rested a little. "Then maybe—you—can do it."

Margaret tried once more, with no result. Then over her shoulder came an iron-gray nose as Deacon tried to take the rope in his teeth and help her pull. Of course the bit was in the way and he could not do much. "You blessed old fellow!" cried Margaret. "Now I know!"

Dropping the loop, she turned the old horse around and tied the shore end of the rope to the back of the buggy instead of the tree. Next, with Henry directing, she guided old Deacon gently hither and thither until her cousin was somewhat loosened, then prepared for a final triumphant pull.

Deacon had to rest a moment before this, and Henry, too; but in fifteen minutes from the time the old horse took part in the rescue, a breathless, mud-covered boy lay gasping in safety on the grass. Margaret gave him a drink of water, patted old Deacon, then busied herself scraping some of the mud off with grass and leaves.

"Good girl. Good old Deacon," Henry said when he could speak again. "Got—anything to eat?"

Margaret was about to reply regretfully that she had nothing, when he pointed to the lunchbox he had left in the shade. Inside was a generous portion of the lunch he had brought, and this he gradually consumed. Then he let Margaret clean him up a bit more.

"I'd better wrap you up in the dust-robe and get you home quick as ever I can," said the girl. "You feel better, don't you, now you've had something to eat?"

"Yes," admitted Henry, "but how about my bush?"

"Your bush!" exclaimed Margaret. "Did you find it, after all?"

"Back of that clump by the water," he said. Margaret followed his pointing finger, pushed aside some alders, and there surely enough was the prize. A long slender whip three feet tall with a few tiny side branches, and three, yes, four single berries that were three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Margaret measured them very carefully with a rule Henry held out to her.

"I'm so glad!" cried the girl. "That's just the place Mr. Bassett said such a bush should be, in a rocky pasture sloping down to wet ground, a pasture with scattering bushes so a seedling could get plant food from a wide space. He'll come with you to-morrow after it."

Henry would not start until Margaret had broken branches and lightly covered his bush so it did not show from the water. Then he consented to let Deacon take them home. When he had rested for a few hours, he explained how he got into his predicament. He had reached the side of the pond, found nothing, and decided that the land on the farther side of the inlet looked promising. Too tired to walk back the long side, he had carelessly launched an old boat left on the shore after cutting a pole to use as a paddle. Part way across the bottom of

the boat simply dropped off, letting him down into the mud and water. The boat quickly sank, and the boy himself, in spite of his utmost struggles, was drawn down eight inches the first hour. After that, he sank steadily at the same rate. He had hoped against hope that somebody would come, but no sound rewarded his listening ears until Deacon's welcome snort echoed through the valley. From his position in the mud he had spied the longed-for bush on that edge of the lake he had just left, screened from view by a clump of alders.

"A real Scout wouldn't have launched that silly boat. He would have 'been prepared' with caution," was all Margaret allowed herself to say, and Henry flushed, and admitted she was right.

Kind Mr. Bassett went with the boy for the precious bush, took it up properly, crated it, and saw it off on its journey to Valley Farm.

On the day the expected check came, Henry sought Margaret and waved the green slip in her face. "I've got it," he cried. "Hurrah for my bicycle!"

Margaret triumphantly waved at him a blue slip for a similar amount. "Here's mine, too. I'll order my typewriter the minute I reach home."

"Fifty dollars takes a heap of work to earn," remarked Henry, thoughtfully. "A fellow has to want it pretty bad!"

"Or a girl either!" added Margaret. "But isn't it fine to have it after you've earned it!"

My Velocipede.

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

LET others boast of car or steed,
But give me my velocipede!

The price of gas I never heed;
I get no bills for straw or feed. . .
Let others boast of car or steed!

Around the concrete walks I speed;
No white-gloved officer I need. . .
Just give me my velocipede!

My motor does not stand for greed;
I lose no sleep o'er equine breed! . . .
Let others boast of car or steed!

Mine an "Excuse-My-Dust"-less creed!
As on I pedal, this I plead:—
"Just give me my velocipede!"

Fun.

A teacher was trying to impress her pupils with the rising inflection in reading. She wrote on the board the sentence, "Where are you going?" and asked Tommy to read it. Tommy read, "Where are you going?"—no inflection. She had him do it again. There was no change. "Now, Tommy," she said, "look carefully at that sentence and see if you don't notice some difference between it and other sentences we've had. Be sharp, now, and read it again." Tommy wriggled back and forth in an effort to be "sharp"; and then the light of knowledge shone forth from his eyes, and he read, "Where are you going, little buttonhook?"—*Normal Instructor.*

"I have been instructed by the village council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk."—*Alberta Advocate.*



SINCERELY to be pitied are the city children who have never heard that magic call of early spring, "Sap's runnin'!" What a hurry and bustle follow, when all the pails, "spiles," pans, kettles, and other paraphernalia are being gotten out of their year-long rest and ready for the "rush season."

There is a fascination about a sugar-camp not easily explainable. It may well be a reminiscence of the days of our pioneer forefathers, when the product was an integral part of home economics. The early settlers had either to make their "sweetnin'" or do without, and it was never their method to do without a good thing that might be had at the cost of a few days—or many days—labor.

In those early days practically every farm contained somewhere a grove of sugar maples, carefully guarded and protected from year to year. While the timber of this tree, also known as the rock maple, and as bird's-eye maple when the grain presents a wavy appearance, is valuable for cabinet-making and in the finishing of houses, it is best known as a producer of sugar and syrup.

The sap in the trees begins to flow about the middle of February or a little later, and continues, according to the weather, for three or four weeks. To obtain the sap, a hole is bored in the tree to a depth of about three inches, and a wooden or metal "spile" inserted. This serves both as an outlet for the sap and as a support for the vessel which catches the flow. Some one makes the rounds once or twice a day and empties the contents into a larger container, in which it is taken to the shack or shed where the "boiling down" is done.

All sorts of great kettles and pans are used for this process, but the most modern utensil is a great pan called an evaporator. The liquid is first strained and then boiled until it reaches the molasses stage, when the "stirring off" takes place, if syrup is the desired product, or the boiling is continued if sugar or wax is desired. To make the sugar, it must be stirred to a creamy consistency, much after the manner of fudge. During the boiling process, some one must remain in the shack to keep up the fires, to skim off the impurities which form on the surface, and watch that the syrup does not go beyond the proper stage. Testing is now usually done with a thermometer. Formerly it was the delight of the boys and girls to help in this task. Small quantities of the hot syrupy liquid were poured on the snow, forming a taffy-like mass, sweet and delicious.

Sometimes white of an egg or milk is added to the boiling mixture as a clarifier, but usually quick boiling and repeated skimming are relied on to make a satisfactory product. Trouble is sometimes caused by a lime-like acid called "sugar sand" which collects on the bottom of

the pans, making the syrup cloudy and the sugar gritty.

The amount of sap produced by a single tree varies greatly, according to location and season. Trees growing in a moist locality yield a greater amount of sap, but the sugar content is usually low. Cold, frosty nights succeeded by warm, sunny days promote the flow. The trees are especially sensitive to the wind, a south-east wind or an approaching storm causing the flow to cease for the time being. Twelve to twenty-four gallons of sap in a season is about the average for a medium-sized tree, while from two to six pounds of sugar may be made. The sap contains from three to six per cent. of sugar.

The trees suffer little injury from the process, if the tapping is properly done. Maple-trees are of comparatively slow growth, and are not often tapped until about the twenty-fifth year. However, the yield continues for forty years and sometimes longer.

Sugar maples are found from Newfoundland to Georgia, and as far west as Nebraska and Kansas. In Canada, the North Atlantic and North Central States, the trees are especially abundant, New York and Vermont leading in the value of their maple products. The black maple, very similar to the sugar maple, and the silver maple, are also sugar-producers, but to a much less extent. New groves of the sugar maples are being planted each year to take the place of the older trees, and it is to be hoped that the industry may not become entirely commercialized or the products adulterated, as has too often been the case, with the effect of spoiling a delicious article of food value and demoralizing the market.

The Gay Young Wind.

BY BERNICE POWELL PEABODY.

I MET one day a gay, young wind.

"What ho, your trade?" asked I.
"Driving bubbles and long-tailed kites
Far up in the bright blue sky."

"Oh, take me, too, for a nice long ride!"

But, "No, indeed!" said he.

"Little girls' bubbles and little boys' kites
Make troubles enough for me!"

Changing Jack.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"JUST look at Jack and those other boys jumping around out there, Uncle Jim!" cried Mary, in a decidedly fine-ladyish tone. Mary had just come home from a little girls' party and she was still living up to her lovely white dress and her beautiful curled hair. "Anybody'd think that boy would turn into a kangaroo!"

"Would they?" cried Uncle Jim, with a fine imitation of Mary's usual eagerness. "Well, for pity's sake, then, don't stop him."

"Don't stop him?" shrieked Mary, forgetting all her fine-lady airs and rushing across the room to grasp Uncle Jim's arm quite in her every-day fashion. "Don't stop him? Uncle Jim, do you want Jack to turn into a kangaroo?"

Uncle Jim's eyes twinkled mischievously. "Well, of course he mightn't be so pleasant to have around the house," he said.

"In fact, we might have to keep him in a cage. But think of the money we could make out of him!"

"Keep him in a cage!" Mary started aghast. "Keep Jack in a cage! Why, Uncle Jim, whatever do you mean?" Then she caught sight of the twinkle. "Oh, you're just funning, aren't you? You naughty tease of an Uncle Jim! But never mind, I'll forgive you if you'll tell me all about it!" And she climbed forgivingly up on his knee and leaned against his shoulder.

"Oh, there isn't so very much to tell," laughed Uncle Jim. "Only I read the other day about a performing kangaroo that was brought to this country some years ago and earned enough in four years so that he and his owner could retire and live on the proceeds all the rest of their lives. And you know as well as I do, Mary Jane, that it's going to be some years before Jack can earn enough for you and me to spend all the rest of our lives."

"That's so," giggled Mary, entering into the spirit of the game. "But still a kangaroo is so jumpy and has such funny little front paws and such a funny shape. I think I'd like something else better. What else could he be, Uncle Jim?"

"Well, he might be an ape. Max and Moritz, the human apes, earned a great deal of money for Mr. Hagenbeck."

"What else?" giggled Mary again.

"Well, a monkey, perhaps. Only we'd hate to have Jack under bad influences. Most monkeys steal, you know."

"They do-o?" cried Mary. "Well, of course animals don't know that it's stealing, so that isn't so bad."

"Well, I don't know about that, either. One naturalist tells how his monkey would wait until his master seemed to be asleep and then start to take something. And if the master moved or opened his eyes the monkey would stop right away and try to look innocent."

"He did? The naughty little rascal! Why, Uncle Jim, isn't that funny? Do any other animals know when they do bad things?"

"Apparently they do. A man who has studied bees says that bees steal, too, and that they stop just before taking what they want and then hurry away with it as if they were afraid of getting caught."

"And cuckoos, too— Well, of course cuckoos don't steal exactly, but they lay their eggs in other birds' nests you know. And the very funny part of that is that when a cuckoo lays an egg in the nest it takes away one of the other bird's eggs so that it won't notice the change."

"Why, Uncle Jim! I never heard anything so interesting!" Mary sat bold upright in her excitement. "That sounds as if it could count, doesn't it? And do any other birds or animals play tricks, too,— I mean tricks that people didn't teach them?"

"Yes, indeed. The spider-crab decks itself with seaweed in the hope of escaping the notice of its enemies. Where there are a great many sponges around, it scrapes off its seaweed and replaces it with pieces of sponge. Pretty good camouflage that is, isn't it, Mary?"

"And then in military stables, horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to a military exercise. And a chimpanzee which had been



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

NORTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—Just a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy *The Beacon*. It has many interesting stories in it. I am thirteen years old and go to the Norton Unitarian Church School. I have gone for nearly six (6) years without missing. One of my friends, Hazel L'Amoureux, has a Club pin. I would like one very much. I have written to Reeta Curtis, and Rosa Bramon, both of Tennessee. I wish that some of the girls would write to me. Our minister's name is Mr. Mott and our Sunday-school teacher is Marion Merrill. Hoping to hear from you soon,

I remain,
CARRIE CLAPP.

1319 KELLAM AVENUE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am one of your affectionate readers and wish to send something to let you know how I love the stories in *The Beacon*. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. We are going to get our reports Friday, and we are so anxious to see them. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here. I used to come to church sometimes, but I just started Sunday school last September.

fed on cake when he was sick often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties after he got well."

Mary laughed aloud. "Oh, isn't that the funniest thing?" she said. "Go on, Uncle Jim. Do!"

"Well, sometimes they get punished," said Uncle Jim. "Do you want to hear about that? I read in a magazine the other day about a big mother elephant who was hard at work hauling lumber over in Burma. And a little boy elephant thought he'd play a trick on her, so he wound his little trunk about one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength. At first his mother only shook her head at him; but he kept right on pulling against her, just as hard as he could. Then suddenly he let go. The mother was thrown to her knees and her driver was hurled from her back to the ground.

"That was too much! The mother picked herself up off the ground and chased her little son around till she caught him; and then she gave him the most thorough spanking that anybody ever saw!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mary. "Ha, ha, ha! I guess when we have Jack turn into an animal, Uncle Jim, we'll have it an elephant. And I'll be his mother!"

Church School News.

MANY of our schools gave scenes from the Christmas story as a service for the school, the church, or an afternoon vesper service. The Second Church in Boston presented an elaborate Christmas pageant at the morning service of worship in the church, on December 26. The entire school took part, the group of younger children constituting

I would very much like to be a member of the Beacon Club and live up to its motto and purpose.

Yours sincerely,
PHYLLIS J. HUNTER.

316 NORTH CHARLOTTE STREET,
LANCASTER, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I receive *The Beacon* every week and enjoy reading it very much. Mrs. Fulk is my teacher's name. Our pastor's name is Rev. Earl C. Davis. I am in the fifth grade. I like my teacher very much. At Christmas our Sunday school had a Mother Goose play. Each child had part in it. I would like very much to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,
JANE CARPENTER.

Here is our list of new members in the Kingston, Mass., school: Rena Baker, Marion Bailey, Muriel G. Bradford, Alice Cushman, Nettie Holman, Elizabeth T. Leach, Richard W. Loring, Grace Mansfield, Jeannette and Kathleen L. Phinney, Ruth Pratt, Evelyn Rogerson, and Helen Steele. Kathleen, Jeannette, Muriel, and Helen would be glad to correspond with other members.

the "heavenly host" who joined with the choir in the angels' song. Between the scenes the congregation and school sang the appropriate carols. At the close, the Herald Angel, who had introduced the pageant, took one of the large lighted candles from the window in the chancel. The Wise Men lighted their candles from this one. Then lights were passed to the shepherds, to all the others participating in the scenes, and to each child in the school, who carried them out in a recessional, passing through the main aisle of the church and into one of the rooms at the side. The entire service was impressive, and adults as well as children entered into its deeply devotional spirit.

From Omaha comes the account of a similar pageant given at the vesper service in the church proper. The pageant was given just as soon as it was dark. After the congregation was seated, all lights in the church were turned off as the children came down the aisle, dressed in white, carrying lighted candles,—a very lovely and impressive opening. Then the different scenes from the Christmas story were presented, one after the other. Carols sung by the choir at the opposite end of the church were used as an accompaniment to the scenes. A stereopticon was used to throw the image of the star on one of the panels in front and overhead. Except for these dim lights given by candles, the stereopticon star, and soft spotlights thrown on the scenes from the wings, the church remained in darkness until after the recessional march.

In both these pageants no word was spoken by the actors. Mrs. Shippen arranged the one given in the Second Church in Boston, Miss Louise Henderson the one at Omaha. The minister writes of the latter, "It was a very beautiful and sacred service."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 10, is used in catching fish.
My 8, 5, 6, 7, belongs in a bottle.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, is what people ought to do.
My 10, 9, 2, is something all men wear.
My 11, 2, is an old way of saying "you."
My 4, 5, 7, 2, is used in driving oxen.
My whole is a very large city in the United States.

HERMINA KAHN AND ELEANOR FOOTE.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 12, 7, 6, is a color.
My 1, 10, 8, is where you go at night.
My 4, 2, 3, 14, is to throw lightly.
My 9, 15, 11, is one of the parts of speech.
My 16, 13, 9, 15, 11, is a large stream.
My 12, 5, 6, is what 2,000 lbs. equal.
My whole is a Sunday paper.

CATHERINE TWOMBLY.

MISSING ANIMALS.

If names of animals are substituted for the blanks in the following nonsense-rime, the poem can be read. What are the animals?

I love . . . t I have at home
That . . . ong, long ago.
Pets do get friendly, and I like
To call h . . . , you know.

To school I . . . half past eight;
I c . . . er through the snow.
My pet would scarcely . . . se
To going, too, I know.

To . . . eal pet she must love
Both me and Sister Mabel,
And we must try to love her, too,
For a . . . n I . . .

• Youth's Companion.

GIRLS' NAMES.

1. What girl calls us to church or school?
2. What girl brings us the loveliest wild flowers?
3. What girl do some ladies wear on their hair?
4. What two girls grow in the garden?
5. What fat girl and what dark-eyed one grow in the fields?
6. What girl will take your books to school for you?

The Mayflower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XLIV.—Fatherhood Service.

ENIGMA XLV.—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

P1.—Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloudfolds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

CHANGED INITIALS.—Cap, gap, sap, map, rap, tap, lap, nap.

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FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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